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## LODGE MEETINGS.

### A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. JOHN P. TRACY, W. M. SAM E. HILL, Secy.

### R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSTEIN, Secy.

### I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so. L. BARNETT, N. G. W. D. PHIPPS, Secy. B. P. ROBERTSON, D. G. M.

### I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.

ELIAB P. BARNETT, W. C. T. CLAUDE J. YAGER, W. Secy.

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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 29, 1876.

NO. 47.

## HARTFORD HERALD,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. P. ROBERTSON, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

Laws Relating to Newspaper Subscription and Arrears.

In response to a request, we give the law as it stands relating to newspapers and subscribers:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher will be responsible until express notice with payment of all arrears is sent to pay.

## THE AGER.

Once upon an evening dreary:

While I sat me dreaming, dreary:

In the sunshine thinking o'er

Things that passed in days of yore;

While I nodded nearly sleeping,

Gently came a something creeping

Up my back like water leaping—

Leaping upward from the floor;

"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,

From the regions 'neath the door—

Only this and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember—

It was in the first September,

When the earth and every member

Of creation that I bore

Had for days and weeks been soaking

In the meanness, most provoking

Foggy rain that, without joking

We had ever seen before;

So I knew it must be very

Cold and damp beneath the floor—

Very cold beneath the floor!

So I sat me nearly napping

In the sunshine, stretching, gazing,

Craving water but delighted

With the breeze from 'neath the floor;

Till I found me waxing colder,

And myself a feeling colder—

Older than I'd felt before;

Feeling that my joints were stiffer

Than they were in days of yore—

Stiffer than they'd been before!

All along my back the creeping

Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,

As if countless frozen demons

Had concluded to explore

All the cavities—"the varicose?"

Twix me and my better garments,

Up to my hair and down to

Through my boots and down to

Till I found myself a shivering,

Gently first, but more and more—

Every moment more and more.

'Twas the "ager!" and it shook me

In my clothes, and shook me

Shaking to the kitchen—every

Place where there was warmth in store

Shaking till the dishes splattered,

Shaking and with all my warming

Feeling colder than before;

Shaking till it had exhausted

## The Feat of a Brave woman.

Mr. Cameron, says the Picton (Ontario) Times, was taking a bull from the field to the stable. When near the door of the stable the brute became enraged and made an attack upon Mr. Cameron, who ran from him and at the same time called his dog and endeavored to urge him to an attack upon the bull. Mrs. Cameron happened to hear her husband's call upon the dog, and at once ran to his assistance. When she reached the spot the infuriated beast had knocked Mr. Cameron down and was going and treading upon him in a frightful manner. Mr. Cameron had struggled hard to defend himself, and had caught hold of the ring inserted in the animal's nose. This he held to with a death-like grip. When Mrs. Cameron came up. In an instant the brave and noble woman took in the whole situation and made an effort to rescue her husband that can only challenge our wonder and admiration. She with a great effort released Mr. Cameron's grip upon the ring, and, taking a firm hold upon it herself, literally forced the bull away and dragged him to the field again, where she fastened him in. There was no one to assist her except a little boy, who was able to do nothing more than open and close the gate. She then returned to her husband and carried him, bruised and mutilated, to the house. The saddest feature of all is that the vicious brute had done its work only too well. Mr. Cameron survived but a short time.

## Sins On Women.

At a dinner, given some time ago in New York, at which no ladies were present, a man, responding to a toast on "Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were but little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose to his feet and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sister, and not to ours."

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming; the maligner of women was covered with confusion.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words which we have had for a long time in our mind to say.

Of all the evils prevalent among the young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to speak slightly of the virtue of woman. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

As a rule no person who surrenders to the debasing habit is safe to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character.

Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evils is a general one, and deep-rooted. If young men are some time thrown into the society of thoughtless or even lewd women, they have no right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest, respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their entire faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself, and should put an everlasting seal upon his lips that are won't to speak slightly of women.

The President last Monday signed a pardon for Wm. O. Avery, now confined in the Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., for complicity in whisky frauds. The friends of Wm. McKee, express absolute confidence that he will be pardoned within a day or two. Avery was sentenced on April 13th, 1876, to two years in the Missouri Penitentiary, and to pay \$5,000. He has been imprisoned just seven months, and now gets full pardon, which carries with it release from the payment of the fine.

"SAFE in the arms of the Returning Board," is the song HAYES proposes to sing.

## The Boy Lawyer and the widow's Curls.

A clever young boy living on Prairie Avenue has had his life made a burden to him by the imposition of a young widow who boards with his pa and ma. She is always sending him on errands, and when he does them, instead of giving him a quarter or even saying "thank you" she pitches into him for being so long or doing it so badly. The trodden boy turned at last, and last week when she sent to a hair store on west Madison street with her wealth of golden ringlets to have a curl put into them, he leaned pensively over the railing of the bridge and let a stream of jute and things that would have made Berenice or Mrs. S. A. Allen jealous, cascade into the glutty rippling stream. Then he went home, reaching the paternal domicile just as the family were sitting down to tea. Said the young widow:

"Charly, did you deliver my parcel? When did they say it would be done? What a long time you were gone. If I were a boy I could have gone there and back twice in the time."

"Yes'm," he replied meekly. "Well, when will it be done?" "They didn't say."

"Didn't say? Didn't you give them the parcel?"

"No'm; I found it, but I lost the things."

"Lost the things? How?" "They fell into the river."

"Well, you are a nice boy to send on a message. If I was your father I'd take the hide off'n you with a stick."

"But, ma'am, replied the boy with dignity, "you are not my father nor yet my mother. [Sensation] Besides, not being a common carrier, and not having entered into contract with you to carry your parcels for and in consideration of any sum, I have incurred no liability, and am liable to no penalty."

If I had undertaken to carry the parcel for my own particular profit my father even would not have been responsible for its loss, (see Butler vs. Basing, 2 C. & P. 514.) unless, indeed, he paid me smaller wages because of the opportunity thus afforded me to make small sums. On this point I will only quote Dwight vs. Brewster, 1 Pickering (Mass.) 59. But, rising from the law to the equity of the case, I have only to say—"but before he could say it his father had moved the young chief justice from the room, and, in the safe seclusion of the back shed engaged in friendly remonstrance with him. The young widow shed a grateful wink at him on his return, while the boy went up stairs and slept on his all-fours like a mule. Despairing of obtaining justice, or even a hearing at the tribunal, the boy has taken an appeal to his mother's supreme court, where he will bring the case up for final adjudication on a writ of *certiorari*, obtained by putting up a lock of that young widow's false golden hair in a piece of silver-paper and stowing it away in his pa's pocket the evening after his mother has given her husband a letter to post. The boy thinks his ma will look through his pockets, as her hair is black and she is very jealous, he has no doubt whatever but that the decision will be reversed with heavy damages against the widow—Chicago Tribune.

She Wouldn't Speak to Him

When a young Chicago man came down stairs the other morning, he remembered that his wife, who was preparing breakfast, had not spoken to him when she got up, and so he cheerfully said: "Good morning, little lady."

Not a word came in reply.

"Good morning," he said again, in a higher key, thinking that she might not have heard him before.

"Um—m—m," was all that escaped from her sealed lips, as she kept on with the work.

Why under the sun don't you answer me? exclaimed he, in surprise. What's the matter? What have I done to offend you?

Um—m—m, was still the only sound elicited.

Look here! then exclaimed the husband, as he jumped up and knocked over a cup of coffee; I don't swallow a mouthful of this breakfast until you tell me what's the matter.

What's the matter? echoed she, suddenly turning round with flashing eyes. And then she continued: John Adell Smithson, the next time that I dream that I see you kissing another woman, I—I—I leave this house!—boo—ho!—Chicago Journal.

## FROM OWENSBORO.

Editors, Herald.

It is very seldom that I am taken with the *cosmetes scribendi*, but as I am feeling a little inclined that way this evening, I will try and write you a few of the local happenings about Owensboro, hoping that they may meet your approval.

Politics have been the chief excitement here for the last two months, but things in that line have abated considerably in the last day or two, but still enough patriotism is manifested to ensure us that we will have the grandest jollification ever witnessed in Owensboro, if Tilden and Hendricks are successful in securing the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States. Democrats here feel confident that little Florida will turn up all right yet.

A general revival in business is noticeable. Tobacco, of which this country is so justly famous, is beginning to come into market, but the trade has not yet fully opened up yet. It is already a daily occurrence to see as many as two or three hundred wagons loaded with this staple on the streets.

We do say, and believe that we can substantiate the same, that Owensboro has the best tobacco market in the State. We have twenty large factories, and all do a very heavy business every season.

In the way of buildings, Owensboro is second to no city in the State of equal population, and far ahead of some which out number her. New business houses are being erected upon most every vacant lot on our main thoroughfares, and new residences are going up all over the city. Cap. Frank Hall is building one of the finest houses to be found in the Green river country which will be completed in a short time.

Now, in the way of amusement we have quite a variety.

We have hops, theatres, musical concerts, or something of the kind nearly every night. Last week we had Thornton's Theatrical Troupe, this week Madame Rentz's Female Minstrels have the boards. This is their first appearance in this city. On the 16th of December our citizens will have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Theodore Tilton, in one of his entertaining lectures. Thus you see we are not behind the times in many respects. WILLIE.

Brave Act of an Engineer.

A few days ago, as an excursion train of eighteen loaded cars on the Vermont division of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad had begun the descent of a heavy grade between St. Johnsbury and the Connecticut River, the engineer suddenly described three cattle upon the track in advance of him. To drive or frighten them from the track, or to seasonably stop the train, was impossible. Instantly he decided upon his course. He sent his fireman to disconnect his engine and tender from the train, whistled "down breaks," and with full steam on plunged forward alone, and with the fearful impetus thus gained, threw the cattle from the track. He then quietly allowed the train to overtake him again, connected it and continued on, his passengers knowing nothing of the fearful danger they had escaped by his bravery; his quick wit, and his fidelity to duty.—Vermont Herald.

The Engineer gives an account of the highest authentic instances of high railway speed" on record. Brunel, with the courier class of locomotives, ran thirteen miles in ten minutes, equal to seventy-eight miles an hour. Mr. P. Stirling, of the Great Northern, took two years ago, sixteen carriages fifteen miles in thirteen minutes, equal to seventy-five miles an hour. The Great Britain, "Lord of the Isles and Iron Duke, road gauge engines on the Great Western Railway, have each run with four or five carriages from Paddington to Didcot in forty-seven and a half minutes, equal to sixty-six miles an hour. The new Midland coupled express engines, running in the usual course, have been timed sixty-eight, seventy and seventy-two miles an hour. The 10 a. m. express on the Great Northern from Leeds has been timed and found mile after mile at the rate of a mile in fifty-two seconds, or at 69.2 miles an hour. The Engines used are Mr. Stirling's outside cylinder bogie express engines, the last being ten carriages. It would be interesting to hear "the slowest authentic instances of slow omnibus speed" on record.

## TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

"A SECRET AT HOME."

The maid that deceived me was fatal and fair. With the curl on her lip and her arrogant air; The wife I deceived is as tender and true As the grass on the mountain-slope covered with dew.

Ah! many a stern love can safely outlive, But a secret at home is like rocks under tide. The maid that deceived me was cruel and cold; She cared not for love, she cared only for gold. The wife of my bosom is simple and mild, With the heart of a woman, the smile of a child. Ah! many a storm of love can safely outlive, But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

CHICAGO sells five million dollars worth of jewelry and San Francisco gets away with ten million dollars worth of drinks, of all grades every year. The aggregate annual sale of testaments and hymn-books in the two cities reaches \$175.27.

THE Turks have a battle hymn which they sing when they go into battle. It is said that the soldiers of the enemy put their fingers in their ears and rush madly upon the bayonets of the foe, gladly welcoming death as an escape from the singing.

A PARTY of vegetarians who were boarding at a water-cure establishment while taking a walk in the field, were attacked by a bull; which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great, hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day!"

How often in the bright days of our prosperity, when the hours fly past on golden wings, and the world seems made solely for our happiness, are we stunned by the shock of unforeseen disappointment and reverse, like a boy who, with his guileless countenance wreathed in the smiles that are the reflex of the happiness at his heart slides down the stair-banisters to find, alas! that some one has left the hall lamp sitting on the lower post.

AN inebriate got into a car and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much that it was proposed to eject him; but a genial and kind-hearted reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him in good behavior for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the occupants of the car, and muttered some words of contempt; but he shook hands warmly with the doctor and said: "Good-day, my friend: I see you know what it is to be drunk."

IN 1862 there was exported from Buenos Ayres 53,000,000 pounds of wool. Four years later the export was 114,000,000 pounds, and in 1873, 170,000,000 pounds. It appears that in 1868 the Argentine Republic had 67,700,000 sheep and the number is now, put at 70,000,000. This is the principal industry of this Republic, as of Uruguay, but it seems that no progress has been made in improving the breeds of sheep, and little effort made to feed them well, and they are suffering with many diseases which are prevalent with improper food.

ALTHOUGH misers are not a public spiritual class they are treated with great indulgence when ever they die, and have very elaborate obituary notices in local columns. This seems to have been a very trying season for them; certain it is that they are going off very rapidly in all parts of the country, and the eccentricities are chronicled in the newspapers. The money is in a strange place, and the monomaniac generally dies without telling where it is, his thought being perhaps that his ghost can keep an eye on it after dissolution. An old man died about four months ago in Maysville Ky., hid \$1,200 worth of United States bonds in two mustard boxes and buried them in a pile of scrapwood in his shanty. The wood was sold about ten days ago to a ragspicker for seventy-five cents, and while he was gathering it together a bystander picked up the boxes and found the bonds.

Albert E. Martin, of the County Treasurer's office, Columbus, Ohio, attempted to commit suicide last night by shooting himself. The ball passed through his body injuring him, it is supposed, fatally. Tired of life.

Nine prisoners in the county jail at Columbus, Ohio, overpowered the Sheriff last night and escaped. Four were afterwards recaptured, but the leader of the gang was shot twice by the Sheriff before he would surrender.

# ADVERTISING